

The Sorrowful Husband, 131

To which are added,

THE NEW WAY OF

Auld Langsyne,

AND

Tarry oh the Grinder.



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A NEW SONG.

The Sorrowful Husband.

Ye bold sons of Mars who've been jaded in
and subject to many commanders, (wars
That fought at the Nile and siege of Beluse,
where cannons did rattle in Flanders.
Its a far better life than tied to a wife,
what signifies all these alarms,
The loss was to me for I had a long spree,
and ne'er got a cessation of arms.

I've been foolish & young & still in the wrong
the tempers of women disturb me,
The world may wag for I've got the bag,
and thousands have got it before me.

I've been foolish and young took my own
and wisdom to me was a stranger, (w
I began to court and I married for sport,
I was not aware of the danger.
At length to my woe I match'd with a do
the early began to the brawling,
Thirteen long years she has rung in my ear
and besides other words a good mailin

Hard lingo and din it makes me look thin,
 and my garments are still out of order:
 My wife she does jib and wallops my hide,
 and ten times does make me cry murder.
 I've oft heard it spoke there was virtue in oak
 I tried it and found it a folly;
 She beat me full fore I was forc'd to give oer
 and never more lift the shilelah.

Modesty is dead and virtue is fled,
 and wisdoms deserted the nation:
 The beautiful sound of honours call'd down
 it filled my poor heart with vexation.
 Now my brave boys is the time to be wise
 and gaurd against female delusion,
 For the fairest you see they create misery,
 and end in great shame and confusion.

Sampson was strong but by woman was hung
 and woman made Solomon simple,
 Both Adam and Eve and Jacob a slave,
 and Troy they've made an example.
 Had I womans skill all the French I would kill
 or bring them to a capitulation,
 And with my broad sword would end the
 and reconcile every nation. (discord,

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If my wife should die not a word I would cry
nor no one would hear me lamenting,
But singe again while life would remain,
experience would settle my ranting.
Was I age seventeen and preferd to a queen
and all the riches that adorned Jerusalem
The devil a she should ever catch me,
tho' I'd live to be as old as Methusalah.

A NEW SONG

Tune—*Auld langsyne.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
an never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
an days of langsyne.
For auld langsyne my dear,
for auld langsyne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
for auld langsyne.

Whan ye was in your aught year auld,
 an I was in my nine,
 Nae could nor cravin then ye kent,
 In days of langfyne.

For auld langfyne
 Then I put on my hirdies plaid,
 an thou wast clad in thine,
 We toddled o'er the green-wood shade,
 In days of langfyne.

For auld langfyne
 Wi' bread and cheese in ilka pouch,
 to please our wamies fine,
 We drank our fairin fae the burn,
 In days of langfyne.

For auld langfyne
 Whan I had done wi' my bit piece,
 Then I got some of thine,
 an what I had was a your ain,
 In days of langfyne.

For auld langfyne
 Through a thee haughs our whistle rang
 with melody so fine,

As o'er the sunnie knows we sang,
In days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne
But now that we are grown to men,
an fin the illis of time,
It even gies us some relief
to think of langsyne.

For auld langsyne

An whan auld age comes wearin on
an youthful days decline,
We'll ever think wi pleasure still,
on auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne

May ilka happy thing my dear,
attend that lot of thine,
Till time, itself, be swallowed up,
In something mair divine.

For auld langsyne my dear,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak a cup of kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

THE GRINDER.

If ever I marry a woman,
 I'll marry a widow for fun,
 I'll clap a cockade in her bonnet,
 I'm sure she'll follow the drum.

Tarry oh you know,
 Tarry oh the grinder,
 Tarry oh you know,
 wherever she goes I will find her.

I got a leg for a stocking,
 and I got a foot for a shoe,
 And I got a kiss from the lads
 that wear the orange and blue.

When I came into the town,
 I called at the royal exchange,
 I called for a bottle of wine,
 I had an Irish guinea to change.

I have a snug little wife,
 and she has a tight little laughter,
 She has a skin like a gumea,
 and that's the sign of a rover.

Nancy is hemming a petticoat,
Kitty is stitching the binding,
Paddy is trying the baking,
the Englishmans getting his grinding.

My wife she went into the barracks,
and I did go to find her,
Who did I find but the Connaught man
sharpening his tools for to grind her.

If ever I marry a woman
I'll marry a Welchmans daughter,
I'll give her the keys of the gate,
and she'll open the gate for her father.

I have three ships on the sea,
and I have no one to mind them,
I'll send for Patrick O'Neil,
because he's a very good grinder.

Once my hair it was grey,
but now its an elegant brown,
The boys they are all gone away,
and will not leave a woman in town.

FINIS.